

## released Rebels in New York.

A squad of rugged fellows may be seen on every square. They wear sun-burnt and grey of beard. They wear their dry, straight hair very long, and sport a suspicious looking blacket over their shoulders. Their clothes are of a dirty gray or brownish color, and they are very indolent, as the master of slaves, some warlike, but not a steppin' soldier, basks in a new pastoral shade away from the heat, if, of course, transformation, the easier that has been done to the tree. But with all due deploring and underscoring, it is the courage, the will, the look upon their faces which makes me feel more noteworthy. They are a simple crew, a crew of men of whom we have read, but whom we never expected to see among us, speaking our tongue, and but our kindest and compassionate.

They are here by thousands, broken, hopeless and penitent, waiting to go to their ruined homes, but so fearful of meeting the changed people, so shy, daily and tarry, and look up to the high marshes and the low curtains in our beautiful homes, as if they were quite hungry and astray, and spoke another language than ours.

Yesterday we stepped at a hotel, and one of these batched fellows was sitting at the counter. There was an anxious dignity in his face—he wanted to engross a dollar from me.

"That just fits you, sir!" he said, as an introductory remark.

"I wonder if I shall ever wear a good hat again."

He took his old soft hat, tarnished and faded, from his large shapely head, and the hair fell into his face, tremulous eyes.

"I'm a Johnny," he said with a laugh; "there is no difference between a Johnny and a gentleman."

This was said with a sort of quiver and pause that was very dramatic because it was very true.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I feel pretty bad in New York. It isn't what it used to be or I am not; something is different. I remember the time when I lost \$5,000 at far just across the street, and went to bed afterward without any regret. I couldn't afford a glass of beer now. At the hotel just above here I stopped every summer, and kept a shebeen always open in my private parlor. Then I role in cab and washroom boy. Could you give me a dollar, sir?"

This man, and three thousand such, have been waiting on Hart's bar and for the thunder of Confederate cannon to announce their deliverance. They were to pass from New York visitors, and at home receive the news of victory in women's embrasures, and the cheer of welcoming villages. Farther reduced the round of guns. They saw each other's new enigma and staggered. They heard at last the shock of their cause overthrown; and their prison gates opened to restore them, not to alliance and gratitude, but to hunger and nakedness.

Among these men ice many of more than social position. We fell in the other day with Henry G. Flagg, from Alabama, who counted the best of southern poets. The leading physician of the South is also here; the southern bar and the southern pulpit are represented. If we are ever to forget that we have been two peoples, let the conviction of peace be rekindled by some act of kindness and charity. So news could rebound a fraternal union so readily as the ringing throb of the beaten States, that three thousand of their captive slaves, well fed, and considerably treated, had joined in the celebration of the Fourth of July, standing again beneath the old flag, and singing the venerable patriotic hymns which have rung in our battle camps.

There have already been instanced some individual acts of kindness in this city. Some days ago a well known merchant here encountered upon Broadway a gaunt and grimy figure, in whom he recognized one of his ancient customers.

"Sir," he said, "you owed me three thousand dollars at the breaking out of the war. You are an honest man, and I shall be paid!"

The other laughed bitterly. "I haven't enough in the world to get my boots blacked if I had the boots!"

The citizen took the dirty man's arm in his and took him home to dinner. He gave him an order on a clothier, and had him decently shaved. The man departed with gentlemanly habits, money in his purse, and a heart full of gratitude and revived hopes.

A lady, at the breaking out of the war, was compelled to break a marriage engagement with a gentleman from Charleston. During the war, she has been married in this city. A day or two ago, upon Broadway, she encountered, in a weary-gaited, perspiring, and lip-shed rebel lieutenant, the man to whom she was first betrothed. At the time, she was leaning upon her husband's arm. He was familiar with the story of her first attachment.

"Heavens!" said the lady scarcely audibly, "that is to—"

The husband left her side immediately and hailed the hungry-eyed man. The three went home together, and the late rebel may be seen every afternoon, at present, dressed like the master of the plantation, loitering at the door of one of the best hotels.—N. Y. World.

A PARSONIC ARTIST.—A correspondent of the Christian Watchman, who visited the studio of Elihu Powers at Florence, says:

Though courted and petted by the English, who have been among his best patrons, Powers has always been true to his country, loyal to the cause. Dr. Weld reminded him of a little incident which occurred a few months before, when the Doctor was in his studio, and an English lady, or some one of exterior pretensions, who had been over-examined a host of Jefferson Davis. "No, madam," he said, his bright eye flashing with fire, "I hope that before long, an artist of another profession than mine may have the pleasure of exciting him."

SOLDIER'S NATIONAL CEMETERY, GETTYSBURG, PA.—The corner stone of the monument to be erected in this cemetery was laid on the 4th of July.

DAVIS'S DISAPPOINTED EXPECTATIONS.—The Washington *Advertiser* relates a conversation that occurred in the Randolph Hotel at Washington in 1861, when Jeff Davis predicted that the Union would soon be divided into two Republics.

"Where will the division or boundary line be?" interposed Prof. Jewett, the historian in whom the conversation was addressed.

The line separating the slave and free states, "assured Mr. Davis."

"Then," said the professor, "you propose to claim the national capital?"

"Of course," was the reply, "and this very Southern Institute will be within the Southern republic."

"But," asked the professor, "how will you bring about such a division of the country? Do you think the free State will agree to it without you resort to arms?"

"Sir," said Jeff Davis, in his sensitive manner, "the North will never fight us on this question. There will be no bloodshed."

When the South says she will stand and become a distinct nationality, the North will be glad to let us go, and that peacefully.

It will be a bloodless revolution.

A INCIDENT OF LAWYERS.—The lawyers of Portland went out on an excursion down their harbor the other day, and had a pleasant lake and other entertainments. Among the latter must be included a letter, purporting to come from the Secretary of War, dated last April 1, authorizing the raising of lawyers. The following amusing extracts will show the tenor of this novel document:

"Your officers and men will tax travel and attend regularly. Travel only one may will be all well—that is, toward the enemy."

At parade the officers will see that the files are neatly arranged and the men carefully instructed in charging.

All reconvening will be done by the quartermasters, and they will be responsible thereto.

No event can the government take a will for a deed, as the are not equivalent in war.

Bacon will be furnished as rations and Coke as fuel.

Only *Foxes* *Cover* will be allowed as nurses, and they will also act as *criers*. The maxim *inter arma silent leges* will be strictly obeyed; and any soldier caught arguing with rebels, instead of doing execution upon them, will be put upon short allowance of practice, and be compelled to prece real action in the trenches.

Tenants of rebel towns are not entitled to notice to quit. Under a ruling of Grant, C. J., in the United States v. Vickburg, *Vicksburg, August 5th, 1864.*

J. C. COLLETTION, Secretary.

DOWNS' VEGETARIAN BALMATIC ELIXIR.—The oldest and best established Medicinal manufacturer in the country. Dr. Downs' Balmatic Elixir, a Remedy for Diseases of the Skin, including the cure of Cancer, Ulcers, and Bronchitis. Some Terms, *Remedies*, and *Chlorophyl*, *Intestine*, *Consumption*, and *Diseases of the Lungs*. They have extensive medical and any child-will-take them. Thousands have been restored to health, and have suffered greatly if he would look at, when convenient. I remarked I had a letter which I should be glad if he would look at, when convenient. I had little hope that anything could be done. But the President distinctly considered that the old man felt to say, like Jacob, "Joseph is not, Benjamin is not—and ye will take Silenus also." The next day but one, he transmitted a note to the father, saying, "Your boy is this day honorably discharged."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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For the information:

## SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

A GENTLEMAN creed of New York City, in his speech at the Balaclava celebration stated the following: An old gentleman, a resident of Vermont, and far from this place, sent by my hand an open letter to the President; the purport of which was as follows: "I had three sons who all enlisted in the army. Two of them have fallen in battle, and the third is now with the Eighth N. H. regiment at New Orleans. My country does not need him more than I do. Please request him to be allowed to come home." It was at a time when men were greatly needed, and when the Chicago Convention were voting that the war was a failure, and measures should be taken in about a pause, at any price. I walked into the President's room—he was busy with Mr. Seward in some matter relating to foreign affairs, but he received me cordially, as he always did. I remarked I had a letter which I should be glad if he would look at, when convenient. I had little hope that anything could be done. But the President distinctly considered that the old man felt to say, like Jacob, "Joseph is not, Benjamin is not—and ye will take Silenus also." The next day but one, he transmitted a note to the father, saying, "Your boy is this day honorably discharged."

JOHN E. OGREN, 60 Nassau St., New York.

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